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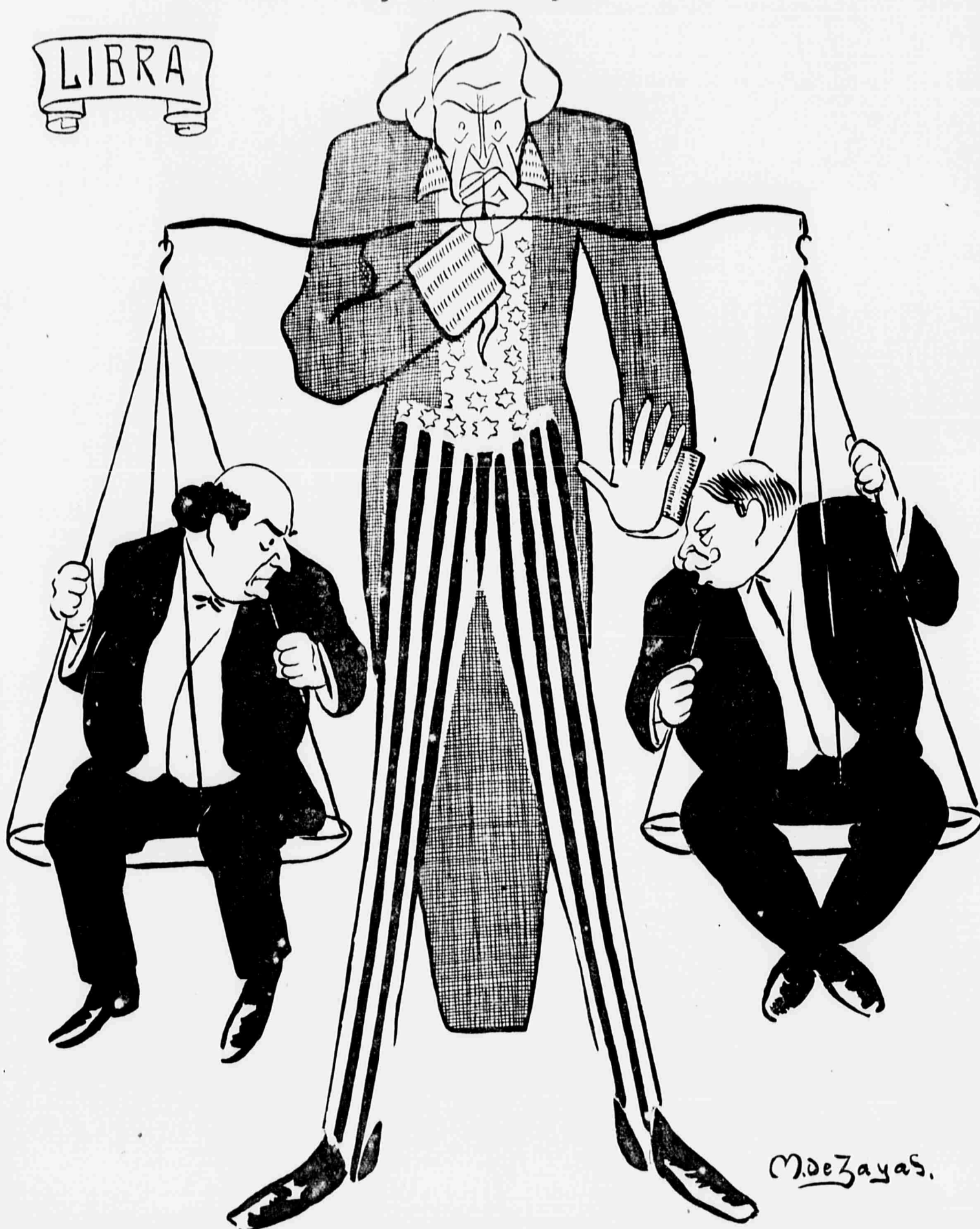
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Signs of the Zodiac---No. 6.

By M. De Zayas.

LIBRA



IDEALS ENDANGERED.



OV. HUGHES at the Troy home week celebration enunciated a doctrine which it is mild criticism to term heretical. Speaking of the opportunity America offers to the young, he said:

Some say it is American to be sick. Some think that the great object of the American youth is to be smart and outwit somebody. Some think that the object of business is to be clever in deception. What mistakes these are! There is no one that gets any place worth holding and maintains the confidence of the people who does not demonstrate that he can be trusted. Employers want boys and men that they can trust; people want men whom they can trust.

Are not our old ideals in danger when such views can be presented to aspiring youth by the Governor of the greatest and richest of American States—the State of Ryan and Rockefeller and Harriman, the home of life insurance finance, of traction rascality, of Wall street?

"Smartness" not American? It is one of the fundamentals of national greatness. It is the keystone of the arch. Remove it and the country that has beaten all creation in the race for wealth and industrial power will sink to mediocrity and revert to a place among secondary nations.

If trustworthiness becomes our ideal, what incentive will there be to the young to emulate the careers of our great captains of finance? What stimulus will there be to youthful ambition to form holding companies and create capital out of water, wind and the other elements? We shall become a nation of mute, inglorious Harrimans. Youth will be circumscribed in its opportunities by the denial to the rising generation of the openings for budding ambition on which one part of our national fame most conspicuously rests.

Trustworthiness is a desirable but an elementary virtue. It is given to the lowliest to possess it. The faithful house servant is trustworthy. The clerk who stays at the same desk for half a century and receives a complimentary dinner as a reward has proved himself trustworthy. But shall there be no higher rewards for "chairmen of the board" who show themselves to be "slicker" than the other stockholders? Shall there be no yachts and princely estates for those who are smart enough to amass fortunes by the use of company funds to their own profit, or who outwit their competitors by means of railroad and legislative favors? If trustworthiness is to be the test by which success is tried, from what source will corporation lawyers derive \$100,000 fees? Where will builders secure contracts for reproductions of French chateaux and Florentine palaces in American cities? Under such conditions the higher courts would lose half the cases from their dockets. No judge could occupy the centre of the limelight of publicity by imposing a \$29,000,000 fine for rebating. Trust laws would become a dead letter. Presidents would find their subjects for special messages largely curtailed. Party issues would be reduced in number. The muck-raker's occupation would be gone.

If we were suddenly to become trustworthy, individually and as a nation, what work would there be for the receivers of looted railroads? What necessity for policy-holders' protective associations and stockholders' committees? How could the promoters of wildcat enterprises earn a living? Who could make millions cornering wheat or cotton? If stocks and bonds carried a guarantee of trustworthiness the grass would grow in Wall street and characteristic American activities would cease.

It is essential that the plain people who make up the bulk of a nation's population should exemplify trustworthiness. Their fidelity and honesty give the whole social structure stability. But to exact this homely virtue of all is to hamper and restrict the very talents which have made the fame of "American finance" and of American millionaires world wide. No one could then "occupy a higher sphere" than his fellow men. If "smartness" is to be put under the ban the race of Ryan and Rockefeller will become extinct and a heavy penalty will be imposed on national prestige.

Letters from the People.

U. S. Civil Service Commission, Custom-House, New York City.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Kindly let me know where I can get information pertaining to the civil service examinations held by the United States Government.

F. M. Yes, if You Have Complied with All the Law.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Could you enlighten me regarding getting my citizen papers. I declared my intention to become a citizen on June 6, 1896, and would like to know if I can get out my papers so that I may be able to vote at the coming Presidential election, or if I shall have to wait until June, 1907.

W. MOIR.

Woodside, L. I.

Firm of Michael Dady, Brooklyn.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Who is the contractor that is doing the improvements in the streets of Havana, Cuba, and where can he be found?

F. B. BIDDLE.

For Bronx Travellers in the Subway.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

As a daily traveler in the subway, between Simpson street and Atlantic avenue, I would like to throw out a couple of suggestions for the comfort of passengers, as I feel sure that the L. R. T. Company, always anxious to pander to the wishes of its patrons, will readily adopt them.

No. 1.—As about 90 per cent. of the travellers seem to suffer from want of sleep, why not provide every train with four or five sleeping cars, so that the weary ones could stretch themselves out full length and thereby enjoy an evidently much needed rest. A returning

room to allow the "weary ones" to don his pajamas, to add to the comfort of the sleep, would also be appreciated.

No. 2.—In reference to the centre seats in the cars, put up a notice reading: "Passengers will kindly use the seat opposite their own to rest their dusty boots on, and must on no account dust the seat after such use, as \$50 fine, a year in prison, or both, may be the penalty therefor."

Now that these suggestions have been aired, I feel sure they will soon become accomplished facts, and then the public will be able to travel in comfort. Yours truly,

AN OBSERVER.

Apply at Cooper Union.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Where can I learn stenography and bookkeeping free of charge? T. B. Must be between 17 and 22. No Preparatory School.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Can a boy enter West Point at the age of fifteen? If not, at what age can he do so? Has the Government a preparatory school, and where? Where can I read something about the subject?

R. S. LLOYD, Jr.

Flatbush, L. I.

Where Charles Wendt is.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Kindly insert in the evening edition, Fireman Charles Wendt, of Truck No. 14, is spending his vacation at John Donnelly's cottage, Goose Creek, on Long Island. A. C. R.

Write to the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Could you tell me if one needs a pass to visit the navy yard in Brooklyn, and if so, where can I get one? L. C.

Mr. Jarr Hasn't Touched a Drop in a Week but What's the Good? Gus Calls Him a Crank and Mrs. Jarr Says He's Cross as a Bear

By Roy L. McCardell.



"GIMME a ginger ale," said Mr. Jarr. Gus looked at him pityingly. "I guess you don't know what that is made of," he said.

"I know it doesn't contain the demon alcohol, and that's enough for me," said Mr. Jarr. "It don't, don't it?" said Gus. "My brother Meyer, what plays in the band with a clarinet, he used to work by a bottling house what made that soft stuff, and he told me that what them ginger ales is flavored with is in wood alcohol, and that is what poisons you dead."

"Well, gimme a sarsaparilla," said Mr. Jarr. "The sarsaparilla is worse; not only is the flavoring from wood alcohol, but it is colored mit chemicans," said Gus, warningly.

"What?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Chemicans, stuff what the doctors make," said Gus, "and anything what the doctors makes ain't good for nobody to have."

"I'll take some plain seltzer then," said Mr. Jarr. Gus chuckled. "That is chuset as bad," he said. "My brother Meyer tells me, and I seen too, that it is made mit water and marble dust and witrol."

"Anyway, it eats your shides off if you step in it, and you can give some to your friends and it kills them right away," said Gus. "I guess you'd like to see me get off the water wagon, wouldn't you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"What I care?" said Gus, stolidly. "Don't do as I say, do as I tell you. The beer in this country ain't no good, either. It is made mit chemicans, too. They put it out in three weeks on account of them chemicans, and in Germany it is the law against to put it out unless it is six months, and the best beer is to be a year in the cellar, which is lager in German, and that's why it is called

lager beer. In this country the brewers want the rich get quick, but in Germany the brewers is proud not to be ashamed of their beer."

"Yes, and the whiskey is just as bad in this country," said Mr. Jarr. "It's all adulterated. I'll take some plain water."

"And get the tyfer fever," said Gus. "Besides, I don't get no profit giving you water for nothing, and you don't think coming in my store and drinking the water full of them tyfer fever germs will pay my rent and my license, what?"

"A fine chance a man has to stay sober in this country," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't want anything to drink, you've taken away my thirst."

"They should have laws here for the good beer like in Germany," said Gus. "I don't drink so much as I should because I'm afraid of something getting wrong with my brights, like the brewers die of—only they drink wine."

"You mean Bright's disease," said Mr. Jarr. "Sure," said Gus. "That bad beer full of chemicans made in this country injures your brights, and when your brights is gone what use are you, hey?"

"I never heard it diagnosed just that way," said Mr. Jarr. "But I'll take a cigar, that means nicotine poison and smoker's heart, I suppose?"

"They ain't much profit in cigars," said Gus, passing the box grudgingly. "Except if there is a crowd in here treating and I take a cigar every round and then, when the gang goes, put them back in the box. Well, you going?"

"I should say I was," replied Mr. Jarr. "You are about as cheerful as a crutch."

"I guess you ain't a crank when you are on the water wagon?" said Gus. "Go on, get out of my store! Next to a man what takes too much that ain't good for him, a man what don't take it now but what used to take it, is the worst."

"Well," said Mr. Jarr when Mr. Jarr came in. "I see you are back at your old tricks!"

"I haven't touched a drop in a week," said Mr. Jarr. "I suppose you were hanging out of the window and saw me come out of Gus's?"

"And not the first time, either," said Mr. Jarr. "Aw, gimme a rest!" said Mr. Jarr, peevishly.

"What comfort do I get," said Mrs. Jarr in a sudden outburst, "to see a man so addicted to liquor that when he stops it for a day or so he's as cross as a bear?"

Reddy the Rooter.

By George Hopf.

